

The Missionary Helper.

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FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

MOTTO : *Faith and Works Win.*

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NO. 9

THE LOVE OF GOD.

At first I prayed for light ; could I but see the way,
How gladly would I walk to everlasting day !
I asked the world's deep law before my eyes to ope,
And let me see my prayer fulfilled, and realize my hope.

But God was kinder than my prayer,
And darkness veiled me everywhere.

And next I asked for strength, that I might tread the road
With firm, unfaltering pace to heaven's serene abode ;
That I might never know a faltering, failing heart,
But manfully go on and reach the highest part.

But God was kinder than my prayer,
And weakness checked me everywhere.

And then I asked for faith ; could I but trust my God,
I'd live in heavenly peace, though foes were all abroad.
His light thus shining round, no faltering should I know,
And faith in heaven above would make a heaven below.

But God was kinder than my prayer,
And doubts beset me everywhere.

And now I pray for love, deep love to God and man.
A love that will not fail, however dark His plan ;
That sees all life in Him, rejoicing in his power,
And faithful, though the darkest clouds of gloom and doubt may lower,
And God is kinder than my prayer,
Love fills and blesses everywhere.

—EDNAH D. CHENEY.

"Just where you stand in the conflict,
There is your place!
Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face!
God placed you there for a purpose,
Whate'er it be;
Think he has chosen you for it:
Work loyally."

Two very important meetings will occur in October and it is not too early to begin to plan and pray for far-reaching results. They are the annual meeting of the F. B. W. M. S. and the roll-call and membership meeting. The former is of peculiar importance to the national, the latter to local work. See the program for annual meeting on another page, also the notice sent by Mrs. Russell of Lowell. A large attendance is desired, and shall we not go with the purpose to "gain the best: give the best," as expressed in the beautiful motto of the Educational Bureau of Ocean Park? . . . Those who are really interested in the work, home or foreign, never find reports dull. They speak of something accomplished and of needs to be supplied. We know women who became interested simply by attending an annual meeting. One exclaimed, "I did not know how much our women are doing—why didn't some one tell me before?" How natural it is to charge our own lack of knowledge to the account of somebody else, is it not? . . . Have you failed to send your report to a local or national officer? It is only as the auxiliary secretaries are loyal and prompt that our general secretaries can do most effective service. . . . Is it not "happifying" to hear of at least one new auxiliary each month? Sometimes several new societies are reported. This month we welcome one at Hillsboro, Iowa, organized in July by Miss Moody. . . . Especial attention is called to the fourth page of cover, where you will find announcements concerning the interdenominational course of mission study. . . . Mrs. Wingate writes of how it came to pass that a missionary society was started in a country town. The perplexities of city work are as many and great, perhaps, but the methods of overcoming them must of necessity be of an entirely different nature. We wish to have both sides represented in our magazine. . . . We have recently received some very interesting articles from India. The one on "Balasore," by Dr. Shirley Smith, is notably helpful. It tells just what we want to know about that station. . . . The story of the Woman's Convention at Ocean Park will be told in October. The C. R. secretary writes that she received some delightful reports of how our Little Light Bearers spent their Cradle Roll Day. These were too late to appear in August, but will have their allotted space in November. . . . Our denominational papers, the *Morning Star* and *Free Baptist*, are, it seems to us, increasingly interesting and informing. We ought to be loyal to them anyway, but how can we help being loyal when they are so worthy?

"TO WHAT PURPOSE IS THIS WASTE?"

ONE afternoon, while touring in India, I turned accidentally to the story of Mary sitting at the feet of Jesus, and Martha cumbered with much serving, in English and Marathi, then heard my mother explain it to the village women.



A HINDU MENDICANT WITH FOOT HELD UPRIGHT UNTIL IT HAS BECOME IMMOVABLE.

My attention being thus called to the passage, I felt it contained some special thought for me. Days afterwards, in answer to prayer, the Lord opened it up to me, together with the alabaster box, as follows: Poor Mary! First it was thought that she wasted her time, then that she wasted her money. And what had she done with her time? What does the spirit of the world call waste of time? The giving of one's time to Jesus. "Mary sat at Jesus' feet and heard his word." How had she wasted her money? It was only another example of something wasted in the world's estimation by being given to Jesus—she had outpoured upon him the precious ointment which might have been sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor.

We see this same thought illustrated in heathenish practices everywhere, that a thing given to God is wasted. How many precious lives have been sacrificed to the gods from the days when children were made to pass through Moloch's fires until now! How many of the women of India have been sacrificed in life,

rather than death, by a dedication to the gods that means nothing more nor less than sin, shame, and ruin ! Have we not ourselves protested against the taking of some beautiful child to the idol temple, and heard in response words like these : " What can we do ? It is the will of God. When she was sick we had to make this vow in order to save her life, and now she is not ours but God's." The thought is : " Another life wasted. God has been the ruin of our child."

Not long ago, while driving to church on a Sunday afternoon at Satara, I passed a holy mendicant with disheveled locks, and ashes and rags upon him. His right hand had been held up for so many years that it was withered and dead. The finger nails had grown several inches and were dangling down like white strings. It was a horrible sight. I heard some one say of him, " He has made a vow and given his hand to God."

Do you trace in this the same heathenish idea ? A hand given to God means a hand rendered worthless, dried up, withered away and dead. I was afterwards telling an ayah, or native nurse, about this man. She said, " I, too, when I was a little girl, gave my right hand to God."

" What do you mean ? " I asked.

She answered : " I vowed that I would never eat with my right hand, and I never have since. Ask the Madam Saheb if this is not so."

I was struck with this new illustration of the subject upon my mind. The ayah could not afford to go to all lengths as that holy man had done, but in a small way she, too, must make useless the hand that had been given to God.

How different is God's thought—" Stretch forth thine hand ! " A hand given to him is a hand made strong and active in the doing of his will. A body given to him is one to which he imparts his own health, quickening, and very life. It is not only the " body for the Lord," but " the Lord for the body." Therefore are we bidden to present our bodies " a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is [our] reasonable service."

Oh, if we could but enter into God's thought for us ! The other thought is heathenish, yet we find it in the civilized world, and alas ! we find it in the Christian church. Who knows but that it may be in our hearts to-day, especially if a yielding of body, soul, and spirit unto God seems to any of us unreasonable service, or if we would choose to keep aught that we have to ourselves rather than dedicate it unto God?—*Mrs. Harriet Bruce Cooper, in Life and Light.*

To be misunderstood even by those whom one loves is the cross and bitterness of life. It is the secret of that sad and melancholy smile on the lips of great men which so few understand. It is what must have oftenest wrung the heart of the Son of man.—*Amiel.*

FREE BAPTIST MISSION STATIONS IN INDIA.**BALASORE.**

BY SHIRLEY HOLMES SMITH, M. D.

ABOUT no station in our whole mission does more interest center than about Balasore. It is of interest not only as a mission station, but in its history as a native town. Before Calcutta was more than a little collection of native huts Balasore was an important seaport town, sending out large exports of rice and receiving goods from the outer world. Because of the uncertain shifting sand-bars at the mouth of the river, the Barabalang—or Old Twister—(some rivers along this coast have been completely silted up at their mouths), other and better ports were sought; and so Calcutta—though situated on a river with most treacherous sands—gradually came into prominence and Balasore declined.

The English came in 1632 and established a station for exporting rice and manufactories for silk and other articles of commerce. When the hordes of Mohammedans and Marathas, and others, came from the north to possess the land, these great plants were centers of safety to the defenseless natives as well as to foreigners. Earlier than this the Dutch had come and had commenced trade and industries. To-day all that tells of their presence is a cemetery containing two immense masonry monuments and two flat ones of the same material, the only two legible dates, 1616 and 1696, indicating how early they were here—before the Mayflower brought our forefathers to New England. The French also came, and even now there is a field of about twenty acres belonging to France, which causes no end of trouble to English officials because it harbors offenders who would escape justice, but who cannot be arrested on French territory.

The city has shifted somewhat from its former position, and now old Balasore is of much less importance than the newer city. The foreign residence portion has also been changed, and a ruin of an old house built about a hundred years ago is now surrounded by native houses, and is two or three miles from the present European houses. The city is about six miles from the sea, as the crow flies, and has a population of 40,000 or 50,000, with less than 50 European residents, counting children. About the big bazar—or streets of shops—is a small section built up rather closely like a city, but beyond this the whole place consists of a great collection of villages nestled among the bamboos and banyans, each carrying on its village life much like the small villages out in the country, though included within the municipality. From these villages the herds of tiny cows are driven out to the open fields each morning, and are brought back at night by the little naked black cow-boys.

The municipal offices are near the big bazar, but the offices for the district, the courts, treasury, etc., are about two miles away. Within a radius of half or

three-quarters of a mile from the latter are about all the houses of Europeans, civil officers, military officers, missionaries, and others. The railway passes within a quarter of a mile, and the station is a little farther away. Near by is the great road from the north which leads to Puri, the home of Jagga-nath, and along which thousands of pilgrims have made their weary way, and along which, even now, hundreds go to and from the great temple of their god. Most go now by train, and at the time of writing, for days any number of special trains have been going over the railway, packed with pilgrims, to see the great car festival. In a few days more they will begin to return. A few miles off the main road is a noted temple, and many on their way to and from Puri turn off the beaten track and go past our house to visit this place, and so add merit and glory to their pilgrimage. To care for the many pilgrims who dropped, by the way, from disease, as many, many have done, government established a dispensary and hospital on the Jagga-nath Road. This is still continued, but soon is to be combined with a dispensary now supported by the local rajah. The government also supports, or helps, a good high school and numerous primary schools. Only two girls' schools, beside those under the superintendence of the mission, are here. They are supported by wealthy native gentlemen. Only a little over two per cent of the girls of school age in the whole district are in school. The percentage of boys is much better, about forty-seven per cent.

It was nearly two hundred years after the English and others came to Balasore, for their own commercial interests, that Protestant missionaries came for the spiritual welfare of the people. Balasore is the oldest of our mission stations and it was here that those pioneers, Revs. Jeremiah Phillips and Eli Noyes, came with their wives and really began their work for India. A little work had been done here before they came but nothing permanent was established, and they had tried to begin work elsewhere but were driven away by suffering and disease, and then settled here. Those were the days when missionaries came by sailing-vessel round by the cape, and letters came once in six months or a year. Those were the days when it meant something of privation, suffering, and danger to come to India to live. But before that, when it meant more privation and more danger to life, others had come that their coffers might be filled with gold. Why is it that men count the price paid for souls so much dearer than that paid for wealth or fame? Now, letters come within a month, the voyage is full of interest, we are within six hours of Calcutta by rail, we have all necessary for our comfort and many things for our enjoyment, and yet some people think the price is too dear to pay.

The Christian community numbers about sixty families, or, including the two orphanages, about five hundred people. These families are gathered in two

principal villages; one near the church, the other a little farther away. The church membership is 169, and the Sunday school has 260 names on the roll.

In connection with the church there are about as many meetings and organizations as in the up-to-date church at home: preaching services, Sunday school, C. E. societies (separate ones for boys, girls, and young men, and one for English-speaking young men), prayer meetings, women's meetings, Bible classes, etc. The church has a native pastor, Joseph Fullonton, but the general oversight of church and Christian community is Mr. Lougher's work, assisted by Mr. Hamlen. On Sunday evenings the English services are conducted alternately by Mr. Hamlen and Mr. Lougher.

The visible work of the mission consists of two orphanages; a high school for boys fitting for the entrance examination of Calcutta University; three preachers, beside the pastor, for bazar and village preaching; a book room in the bazar; four Hindu girls' schools, one supported by New Brunswick; eight Bible women, four supported by New Brunswick; zenana teaching—ten teachers; Christian village boys' school and a Christian girls' school and kindergarten; the beginning of medical work and a school for Eurasian and European children, recently opened by Mrs. Lougher. The printed yearly report tells about these, and who has charge of them, so I need not review that.

The little church reminds one a little of the country churches at home, with its white walls and green blinds, but its walls are pucca, whitewashed, and its roof is flat with a square belfry. Across the road and a little to the right, back in a big compound, is the high school and the boys' orphanage. Mr. and Mrs. Hamlen live, or rather stay there, for they live in two rooms of the high school until their house, whose walls are only beginning to rise, is finished. Across a lane to the left of the church is the kindergarten building, and a little farther on is Mr. Lougher's house. Sinclair Orphanage and the Widows' Home are half a mile away, outside the municipality. It is an advantage in many ways that we are so far away, but on rainy and stormy days and on dark nights we sometimes wish we lived a little nearer other people. Some other European residents live near the church, some live near the station, and others live farther south, on, or near, the Jagganath Road. Near these last houses is the little Church of England church. The large Catholic church, with its school, orphanage, etc., is between our church and the big bazar.

NEVER lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. . . . Welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him for it, who is the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it simply and earnestly with all your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.—*Charles Kingsley.*

MARILLA MARKS HUTCHINS HILLS.

BY N. W. W.

VI. AT OBERLIN (*concluded*).

THE work accomplished by Mrs. Marks at Oberlin is amazing when we remember that heretofore she had been far from strong. The strenuous intellectual life seemed to add to, rather than take from, her physical strength. In a letter to her aunt she indirectly refers to the then prevailing opinion that women were physically as well as mentally incapable of the higher education : " There are twelve ladies that recite in our class, some of whom are [not regular members. Their recitations show that their intellects are not inferior to the gentlemen's, and that they can endure as severe intellectual discipline."

In August, 1843, having completed the preparatory work, she entered the freshman class of college. The story of this part of her life is so fully told in the letters that we are glad to pass on a bit of it in her own words. The following December she wrote : " Mr. Marks intends to resume his studies in February. He had got through his Greek and Latin grammars and had just commenced reading, as he received the very urgent call from New Hampshire. During the time he studied, he preached five times in a week, provided for his family, built his house and kept up with his class. Since his return he has been engaged in labors for the Chester Seminary. In about five weeks he expects to be through with his appointments and resign his agency so that he can resume his studies without further interruption. . . . My time of necessity is very closely occupied during the term. In addition to the duties of a college student (which, by the way, are intended to be sufficient to fill all the time) I must have considerable care of my family, which averages, this summer, eight in number, though by no means do I do the greater part of my work. Rosanna is a very good girl and aids me far more than ever before. We have been improving our place, and as our means are limited we could do it better by the labor of students, and pay in board, than in any other way. I am now studying Latin, Greek, and geometry. Our Greek is continued through the whole college course. We shall study Latin about two years longer. . . . The married ladies meet together often in their moral, literary, and benevolent societies. Still they visit little. This is owing, I suppose, to their having so little leisure." At this time her husband wrote to her : " It requires a great struggle to endure *two weeks* without writing to you and hearing from you. I have almost repented of this last arrangement and nothing could reconcile me to it but a consciousness that both of us are so closely engaged in the pressures which are peculiar to the time, that I know if we write it will unavoidably detract so much from needful repose. Health has more influence with me than postage, for I presume I could not refuse even fifty cents

postage a week if your letter came in my reach. . . . No language can tell how much I am in debt to you and to God for you. Now that I am separated from you for an *age*, your faithfulness to me in sickness, your patience with all my nervous irritabilities, your gentleness with my hasty conclusions and faults, your meekness and gentle affection in correcting my errors, your willingness to suffer for the furtherance of the Gospel, your prayers for my spirituality—all loom up like the mountain of the Lord before me and produce at times even a trembling of gratitude from the consciousness that I am unworthy."

In August, 1844, Mrs. Marks wrote to her aunt Minerva: "I wish you could spend a few months in Oberlin. I think you would not only enjoy them but I am sure they would be profitable both spiritually and intellectually. You might attend *gratis* President Mahan's lectures on intellectual and moral philosophy, which are extremely interesting; Prof. Finney's lectures to his senior theological class; and there are lectures on physiology and various other topics, so that you may be as busy as you please. Why will you not? . . . If I had time, I would present other inducements. I will just add one—rich religious privileges. These, in my estimation, are the greatest. I feel that my own soul has been greatly benefitted. . . . My health is generally better than before I commenced my course of study. I have to study hard, but I can endure hard study as well as any of my classmates. My dear husband, now he is at home, watches over me, obliges me to retire at nine o'clock, and if he thinks I have studied enough for health, even if I have not got my lesson, he will take away my books; so you see, besides the kind watch care of my friends at a distance, I have one by my elbow in my 'studio.' If I injure my health by study, on me must rest the guilt. Our mathematical studies the last year were algebra and the first four books of geometry. Our Latin works, Cicero on Old Age, Friendship, and The Immortality of the Soul. In Greek we had Xenophon's History of Cyrus and the Acts of the Apostles."

In 1845 she wrote: "Mr. and Mrs. Willard were here on a visit last week. Mrs. Willard is studying botany and teaching a small school composed of her own children, Prof. Thorne's, Mr. Cook's, and our little Julia." All along, there is frequent and loving reference to the Willard family, and, many years later, looking back upon the friendship formed in those days, she wrote, at the request of a fellow-worker: "My acquaintance with the Willard family commenced in Oberlin, Ohio, in 1841, the same attraction—the enjoyment of its literary and religious privileges—having drawn hither both our families. During the whole of our stay we were intimately associated with the Willards, not only as classmates, but as warm Christian friends, and nobler ones I never found. Those who knew them as I knew them will not wonder greatly at the rich parental inheritance

bequeathed to their famous daughters. It was here that their sweet, precious Mary of Nineteen Beautiful Years came to bless their home. Frances was then a little frail child playing quietly around the house, giving no promise of her future physical power of endurance. But child as she was, she then had her own way of acceptance of truths taught her. One day, while speaking of the early conversion of children, her mother said to me : ' Frank is my little infidel. She won't believe anything without she can understand the reason for it.' Years afterward, when I repeated this incident to Frances, she said : ' I remember my mother once taking a book from the table on which others were lying and saying to me, " This book is not like those ; they were written by men, but this is God's book." I thought, how does my mother know that ? '

" The death of my husband, Rev. David Marks, to whom Mr. Willard was tenderly attached and who mourned for him as for a brother dearly beloved, made my return to New England in 1846 imperative, and shortly afterward Mr. Willard removed his family to Wisconsin. While thus widely separated an uninterrupted exchange of letters between the Willards and myself still kept us in close touch with each other, sharing our mutual joys and sorrows. Sixteen years passed and the daughter of Nineteen Beautiful Years went to live with the angels, and twenty-two years from the Oberlin parting, there came one day an affectionate farewell letter from Mr. Willard's dying bed, full of words of holy triumph dictated by him and written by Frances. Ten years later her brother Oliver died very suddenly, and in 1893 there came to her the crushing sorrow of parting with the ' great mother.' That mother, in referring to the former bereavements, wrote : ' My dear ones, as you know, have been summoned home one by one till only Frank is left. It seems as though the excellences of each precious life as it passed away fell upon her as a mantle. I have great comfort in the dear child.' " There was not only an exchange of letters, but also an exchange of visits. After Mrs. Willard had been in Mrs. Hills's home in Dover, she wrote, in March, 1881 : " I sit down to pen a few lines for one toward whom my thoughts have turned often and often since I was with you in your pleasant home. . . . I read articles from your pen with especial interest and wonder how you can do so much, with the care of your house and the demands of society. I have no such inspiration to do everything. You are an anomaly to me. I shall hope to hear from you before long, and, if it please God, to see you again in life and at our own home."

There are letters from Presidents Finney, Mahan, Fairchild, Antoinette Brown, Lucy Stone, and others, to recall the life at Oberlin. Of Lucy Stone, Mrs. Hills always enjoyed relating the following incident : At the end of her college course she was appointed to write an essay to be read at commencement,

but was notified that one of the professors would have to read it for her, as it would not be proper for a woman to read her own essay in public. Nearly forty years afterward, when Oberlin celebrated its semi-centennial, she was invited to be one of the speakers at that great gathering. She delivered a lecture to her satisfaction and the high commendation of the faculty, although she could not refrain from mentioning her indignation at being denied her "right" to read her essay years before.

Although the years at Oberlin held so much of joy, it was here that a great sorrow came to Mrs. Marks. On the first day of December, 1845, David Marks passed out of this life, literally worn out at forty years of age with his intense and self-forgetting labors. His latest plans were for her, that she might be as tenderly cared for in the future as he had cared for her in the past. On the twelfth of the November before he died, he wrote in her autograph album—a time-worn volume which lies before me—"Sixteen years and forty-five days God has lent us to each other in the Lord. Sweet have been those days; and the union without a bitter pang has been an apprenticeship to prepare us for the union of spirits in the next world. And though we are now called to part, it is but for a few days and then to meet in that land where 'adieu' and 'farewells' are sounds unknown."

GORDON BIBLE AND MISSIONARY TRAINING SCHOOL.

THE Gordon Missionary Training School of Boston enters upon its fourteenth year with brighter prospects than at any time since the death of its honored founder, A. J. Gordon, some years ago.

Its presidency has been assumed by Rev. A. C. Dixon, D. D., pastor of the Ruggles Street Baptist Church, who was closely associated with D. L. Moody during the last years of his life in his Gospel Extension work in New York and Brooklyn. The services of Rev. J. D. Herr, D. D., a pastor and Bible expositor of long experience, have been secured as dean to succeed the late F. L. Chapell. Rev. James M. Gray, D. D., author of the Synthetic Study of the Bible, whose method has given rise to the large interdenominational Bible classes of the day, will continue as a regular instructor. Rev. James A. Francis, the newly-chosen pastor of the Clarendon Street Baptist Church, and Mrs. George A. Coleman, president of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, will be the teachers on mission work at home and abroad. Mrs. James M. Gray will lecture, as heretofore, on Biblical Introduction and Christian Evidences. The work in physiology and hygiene, so important as preparation for Christian service in these days, will continue under the direction of Julia Morton Plummer, M. D. Particular attention will be given to vocal and instrumental training for evangelistic singing by Miss Blanch Tilton. Prof. R. L. Perkins will teach New Testament

Greek. Rev. J. A. McElwain will have charge, as heretofore, of the practical work of the students in house-to-house visitation and other missionary work. All of which instruction is absolutey free.

Besides the regular curriculum arrangements have been made with special lecturers among the best Bible teachers and evangelistic workers in the United States and Canada, such as Professor Stifler of Crozier Seminary; C. I. Schofield, D. D., of the Northfield Training School; Rev. Elmore Harris, D. D., of the Toronto Training School; Rev. Robert Cameron, D. D., editor *Watchword and Truth*; Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D. D., editor *Missionary Review of the World*; Rev. E. H. Byington, an authority on open-air preaching; and Revs. W. J. Erdman of Philadelphia, Cornelius Woelfskin of Brooklyn, B. D. Hahn of Springfield, C. A. Cook of Bloomfield, N. J., W. H. Walker of Lynn, and L. B. Bates of East Boston.

The school is undenominational. The next term begins in the Clarendon Street Baptist Church, corner of Clarendon and Montgomery Streets, Boston, Wednesday, Oct. 1, 1902. For further particulars address Rev. John A. McElwain, Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, Mass.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE twenty-ninth annual meeting of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society will be held at the Paige Street Church, Lowell, Mass., Oct. 8, 9, 1902. Following is the program:—

Wednesday, Oct. 8, 1902.

2.00 P. M. Meeting of the board of managers.

Thursday, Oct. 9.

SOCIETY MEETING.

9.30 A. M. Devotional service, led by Mrs. A. E. Kenyon, Lowell.

9.45 Business:

1. Records of board of managers.
2. Report of New England secretary, Mrs. A. B. Webber.
3. Report of Central secretary, Mrs. A. H. Jackson.
4. Report of Western secretary, Mrs. A. A. McKenney.¹
5. Report of secretaries for children's work: Miss Elizabeth Moody, West; Mrs. F. K. Chase, East.
6. Report of Cradle Roll department, Mrs. Ada M. L. George.
7. Report of treasurer, Miss L. A. DeMeritte.
8. Report of editor of *MISSIONARY HELPER*, Mrs. Nellie Wade Whitcomb.
9. Report of publisher of *HELPER*, Mrs. Ella H. Andrews.
10. Report of publication committee.
11. Report of Bureau of Missionary Intelligence, Mrs. S. C. G. Avery.²
12. Report of Western committee, Mrs. M. A. W. Bachelder, chairman.

Thursday Afternoon.

2.00 P. M. Devotional service, led by Mrs. M. W. Thomas, Saco. Report of corresponding secretary, Mrs. S. C. G. Avery. Election of officers. Half-hour conference of workers, conducted by Mrs. Frances Stewart Mosher.

Thursday Evening.

- 7.30 Prayer, Mrs. A. E. Wilson, Dover, N. H. Music. President's address, Mrs. Mary A. Davis. The Quiet Hour, Mrs. J. M. Hooper, Providence, R. I. Address, Dr. Mary W. Bacheler, Midnapore, India. Awarding the silver necklace, Miss L. A. DeMeritte. Music. Benediction.

ALICE M. METCALF, *Rec. Sec.*

PROGRAM SUGGESTIONS.

Have a poster—Let the world know.

Have an audience—Amos Sutton, a poor street boy, later a missionary to the Telugus, was first persuaded to attend church by the offer of a shilling.

Have a map—William Carey owed his intense interest in missions largely to a home made map.

Make careful preparation—Our Master took thirty years to prepare for a three years' ministry.

Pray much—Every element in the missionary problem of to-day depends for its solution chiefly upon prayer.—Robert Speer.

A missionary prayer meeting—Give to many members a bright, telling leaflet and a written slip reading, "Please be ready at our next meeting to give at least one reason why every Christian woman should be interested in the W. F. M. S."

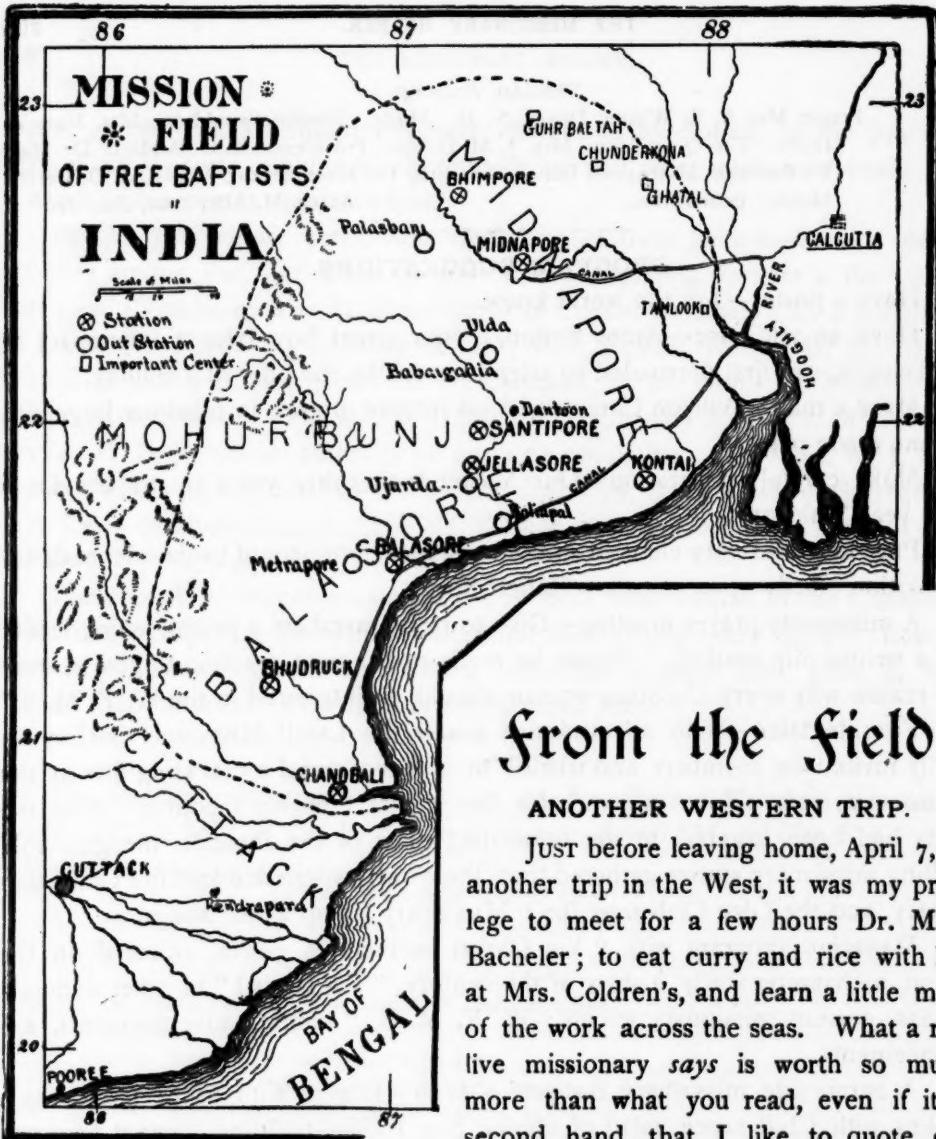
Fireside tales—With an attractive poster the Lasell Missionary Society recently invited its members and friends to gather around a crackling fire in the gymnasium, sofa pillows in hand, for the regular monthly meeting. After the lights had been lowered, in the fascinating glow of the firelight, the girls told thrilling missionary stories gathered from their own experience and the Campaign Library, and the Glee Club sang the "Missionary Camp Fire" songs.

Magazine program with "Via Christi"—Pictures, poem, editorial on the period, a character study, a story of the century, "Via Christi" in other denominations, current missionary events; W. F. M. S. "wants," advertisements, announcements.

A barmecide missionary banquet—Menu: Loaves with fishes (Matt. 15), Turkey with Chili sauce, salad of choice bits, Indian pudding, current (events) cake, Philippine nuts, Japanese wafers, Russian tea served in China.—*Missionary Friend.*

NOTICE.

THE F. B. Woman's Missionary Society will hold its annual meeting at the Paige Street Free Baptist Church, Oct. 8, 9. Delegates arriving in Lowell will take any electric car going east; go to the electric transfer station, and you will be within one minute's walk of the church. Delegates desiring entertainment for the night will please send their names and addresses to Mrs. A. L. Russell, 12 Coral Street, Lowell, Mass., as early as Oct. 1.



from the field.

ANOTHER WESTERN TRIP.

JUST before leaving home, April 7, for another trip in the West, it was my privilege to meet for a few hours Dr. Mary Bacheler; to eat curry and rice with her at Mrs. Coldren's, and learn a little more of the work across the seas. What a real live missionary *says* is worth so much more than what you read, even if it is second hand, that I like to quote our missionaries and prize each moment with them.

After a night in Chicago with the children of the mission, two days and two nights at the Terre Haute (Ill.) parsonage, three days and one night of travel, I was at the Row Valley Q. M. in Southern Kansas. We have some noble workers in this section of our field, and they gave a glad welcome to the agent.

Four of our churches were visited and an address given in the Baptist church of Bro. Comber's home town, also a talk to the students of Eureka Academy. In two of the churches of the Q. M., Salem and Little Flock, auxiliaries were organized with earnest women eager for the cause. The great cry

of this field is for workers. Two men are needed at once to take the work soon to be laid down by Bro. Comber. Where are the men for these mission fields with their whitening grain? Leadership and courage will win. The people are of a noble class, dwelling in farming communities. The churches are some distance from each other, but two or three consecrated, godly men could soon build up a strong work in the fields now open.

At Conway Springs the kindly face of N. K. Simpson looked out from the station door, and a pleasant ride of seven miles through "Kansas' best wheat-land" brought us to the village of Anson and Bro. Simpson's home and church—and what a busy place it was! If there were drones in the hive they were well hidden by the activity of the many. Each individual seemed to have his part in the work and was bound to make it a success—from "Bessie" and her Cradle Roll of eighteen babies led by the tiny twins of the village, to "the" Bishop (S. C.) with his Sunday-school work in church, township, and county—of whom we were all justly proud in the interdenominational rally where he presided. Those were precious days at Anson, and the same love and loyalty that surrounded Bro. Van Wormer in his affection there and still cherishes his memory awaits every true-hearted, loyal Free Baptist worker who may enter their ranks.

On to Augusta, where I found Rev. Lucy E. Dodge queen of her kingdom, the church, with loyal, ready subjects eager to do her will. And from her sweet-voiced, gentle mother there came true home welcome and daily some sweet lesson of patience, faith, and charity. Since leaving Augusta word has come to me from the sorrowing daughter that the Father had need of her at his throne, and she has folded her hands and left us for the city of peace and purity for which she seemed so fitted. May the dear Comforter heal the wounded heart of our sister as she again takes up the work alone—yet not alone, for "Lo, I am with you," is His promise and he never fails.

The Q. M. session convened at Augusta at this time, and nine heroic delegates drove through heat and rain fifty-five miles from Anson and helped to make the Q. M. one of the best ever held. On Sunday afternoon Bro. Simpson baptized, for Miss Dodge, six persons who had been won for Jesus in her meeting some time previous. Missions were presented and the denominational work emphasized by your agent twenty-four times while in this Y. M., beside all the talks in the homes and to individuals, which were many. Some subscribers for the *HELPER* were secured and other mission literature scattered.

The days were all too short in Southern Kansas, though they were well filled with labor, and with an earnest, honest assurance of a hearty welcome in the future we started for the work farther north.

From Southern Kansas to Nebraska, a journey of nearly two hundred miles

by rail, with long hours of waiting in unpleasant stations and ten miles by carriage, and we were at Summit, and Sister Abbey was bidding us "Come in" and questioning about the trip, and the work, and the workers. A few days here —to meet the juniors, who told me of their chickens and five-cent investments to raise mission money; give two mission addresses, a talk to the C. E. and juniors, make nine calls, and spend a half day at the mission society meeting; then over to Buffalo Valley, where we visited the Ashleys and Wheelers, talked of the work, took a subscription for the *HELPER*, appointed an auxiliary president, received two dollars for Western work; and on in less than twenty-four hours by carriage to Concordia and Bro. and Sister S. C. Wheeler's home, and then to Hickory Grove. 'Twas blessed to meet again those with whom we had worked and for whom we had prayed in the revival meetings of a few months before, and our hearts were cheered as we found the Lord was day by day becoming more precious to them than when they first believed. There were changes to be seen. The loved pastor and family had been called to another field. Sickness and sorrow had entered the homes of some, but the faithful ones were many of them in their accustomed places and the Lord was in his holy temple. This church is still without a pastor. Oh, who will go to it? The mission society, the C. E., and the juniors are a blessing to the church and doing splendid work in keeping the forces together, and each one is busy for the Master.

And thus at Hickory Grove the work in Kansas closed as far as personal contact is concerned, but the impulses set in motion were boundless, as eternity and only God's record book shall tell their ending.

ELIZABETH MOODY,
Western Field Agent.

A VACATION AMONG THE HILLS

NOT Maine hills, nor even New Hampshire "mountains," but Himalayan heights, with their deep, narrow valleys between. It took a journey of a thousand miles to reach these "Hills" across dry, barren, desert-like plains, for the plains of India in May give no hint of what a transformation there will be when the rains have come and they are covered with growing rice—a waving ocean of green. The contrast is as striking (though of another kind) as between our own snow-covered fields and bare-limbed trees of winter, and the summer fields ready for the scythe with their accompaniment of newly-appareled trees.

I took the train at Hourah—across the river from Calcutta—on the evening of May 5 and reached Dehra Dun, near the foot of the Hills, on the morning of the 7th, which sounds very easy in that short sentence, but covers various experiences. First, the being crowded into a second-class compartment with four other women, two children, two dogs, and boxes, bedding, bags, baskets, and bundles

well-nigh innumerable, to make the best of five berths—three lower and two upper. I climbed into an upper one and took possession, with my belongings—bedding, lunch basket, traveling case, and handbag. Fortunately one woman and child got off before morning, so we were not quite so crowded for the rest of the way; but oh, that heat! As the day went on towards noon the car itself became so heated that, lying in my berth and reaching to the top, my hand could scarcely bear to touch it. I wrapped my head in a wet towel and often went to the faucet to wet my face and hands, but still there was an oppressive sensation which caused me to pant for breath. However, by four o'clock we could feel we had passed the worst, and were glad we had not another day like that before us.

At Dehra Dun we take a *tonga*—an Indian hack, whose driver warns everybody ahead of his coming by blasts on a bugle at his side, and who gallops his horses ahead of any warning bugle behind. This takes us five miles to the very foot of the Hills, to a hotel whose proprietor provides a *dandy* and coolies to carry it and you and your baggage right up to the top of the Hill where you can see Mussoorie in the distance. Four men took me in the *dandy*, with an extra one for the lunch basket and to "spell" some one of the others now and then. Another took my steamer trunk, bedding-bundle, and traveling case on his back, and we started about ten o'clock, going towards the sky by zigzag paths up and up and up.

By half-past one we had reached this place—Midlands—the same where, seven years ago, Dr. Phillips sickened and died, and from which he was borne to his last resting-place; and the same kind hands and hearts which ministered to him have made my stay here so restful and pleasant that now, as the time draws near to go back to work and duties, I would fain hold back the few remaining days. But when I think of the exhausted condition in which I arrived—almost too tired to wink—and being now able to take long walks around these grand old Hills and come back fresh, I thank God for his injunction to "come apart and rest awhile," for kind friends who have made this possible, and also for those who make this resting such a pleasure. And these walks! Over paths covered with pine needles—breathing in healing and quiet at every step, around spurs and into shaded dells, with moss and ferns springing close to your hand; along the edge of precipitous walks where you can look down hundreds of feet to water courses just now simply trickling over rocks, then to rest on some level or rounded bit looking up to the sky, listening to the twittering and chirping of birds and the same "whispering of the pines" as at the dear grove at Ocean Park, then to close your eyes and be there straightway! Is it not a taste of heaven here below?

The days have sped all too swiftly with the various duties and pleasures of calling, attending meetings of various kinds, making new acquaintances and renewing old ones, for there are many missionaries resting here.

A convention "for the deepening of spiritual life" was held here last week which I was able to attend for two days and which was full of helpful thoughts. Evidently it was not intended for "babes," for the menu was "strong meat" entirely.

Now the rains are coming and I must be back to my post, but this vacation of 1902 will always be counted as one of the best and happiest I ever enjoyed.

L. C. COOMBS.

Midlands, Mussoorie, June 12, 1902.

TREASURER'S NOTES.

THE cool weather seems to have a favorable effect on our treasury, as funds are coming in rapidly for this season of the year—the last of July. I am making notes earlier than usual, but I am glad to note a good remittance this month from Rhode Island, and a large contribution from Mrs. Lathrop and Mrs. Taylor of Pittsfield, Me., who are giving it in memory of their mother, Mrs. Isabel R. Vaughan, for kindergarten work at Balasore. Mrs. Vaughan was a member of the old "Female Missionary Society," and later belonged to an auxiliary at Bean's Corner, Me. We have also received the usual donation from a friend in Wellesley, Mass., and are not forgotten by workers in Melrose Highlands. A good thank-offering has come from West Mansfield, Ohio, and the support of a native teacher, with Miss Barnes, from our auxiliary in Badger, Ind. A lady in Eldorado, Wis., sends \$5, and the Little Light Bearers of Carolina, R. I., \$6. They have recently held a very interesting meeting.

During July I visited Carolina, attending a thank-offering, which was delayed on account of sickness in the family of our dear Mrs. Metcalf, whose mother has recently passed into the Beyond. The children and young people helped in the service. I wish they could always have a part in a thank-offering. After leaving this place I attended the meeting of the joint committee in Olneyville, R. I., and then the Conference Board. The joint committee consists of three members elected by General Conference, and three by the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society—Rev. R. D. Lord, Rev. O. D. Patch, and Rev. H. M. Ford, Mrs. L. M. P. Durgin, Mrs. M. A. W. Bachelder, and Miss L. A. DeMeritte. Very perplexing questions had been submitted to us, but they were considered frankly and fearlessly, and we were all united in the report which has been submitted to and accepted by the Board of General Conference, and will be later submitted to the Woman's Board. I think we, as a committee, believe that God has given us

work to do, and want to be of real use to all our denominational interests. Will you not remember this joint committee in the Quiet Hour?

I may be pardoned for saying here that I think we all need to keep ever in mind our real mission, which is to help in making the world better. It is only a question how men and women can do it best. If there are other and better ways for us we want to find them, and only in committing our work, our organizations, and ourselves *unreservedly* to God's leading shall we find *the best*.

The Board of the Woman's Missionary Society began its summer sessions at Ocean Park, Tuesday, July 22. There were eight members present, including Mrs. Fullam of Portland, who came to the Park simply to attend this meeting. The time of beginning was our Quiet Hour, and by request of the president, Mrs. Davis, fifteen minutes were devoted to it. The prayers were earnest, and the spaces of quiet between them were beautiful. We need such hours in our public gatherings as well as in our individual lives. How they quiet nerves, give poise of mind, strengthen bodies, and bring us into realization of the fact that it is "not by might or power, but by the Spirit."

In June I received \$2 from Miss Ada Prentiss of Hillsdale, Mich. She said it was from a very dear friend, to be used for something she liked best. How do you suppose she used it? She gave it toward a kindergarten hall at Balasore, where Miss Hattie Phillips is head teacher. She is now in this country studying kindergarten methods. This hall is very much needed. Miss Prentiss suggests that birthday offerings be made for it. This is a good idea, and I hope we shall remember it as our birthdays come round. Besides, we should be very glad for somebody to give \$500 to \$800, and name the building.

The annual meeting of the F. B. W. M. S. occurs in Lowell, at the Paige Street church, the second week in October. I hope friends of the society in the near towns of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, will try to attend, as well as the workers from more distant places. Whether we can go or not, we can ask our Heavenly Father to bless the meeting, and give wisdom to those in attendance.

By the time this issue of the MISSIONARY HELPER is received by the subscribers another financial year of the Woman's Missionary Society will have ended. It is safe to say now that there will be money enough in hand for the payment of all bills, and some with which to begin another year. God's leadings are so marked in our work, that we should walk softly before him, inquiring what he would have us do another year. Let us open the new year with the prayer upon our lips, "Make us receptive to Thy will in all our work as a society, during the year beginning Sept. 1, 1902."

Ocean Park, Me.

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treasurer.

(All money orders should be made payable at Dover, N. H.)

Helps for Monthly Meetings.

TOPICS FOR 1902.

January—An Introduction to the Study of Missions :

1. Paul to Constantine.

February—Prayer and Praise.

March—Storer College.

April—2. Constantine to Charlemagne.

May—Thank-Offering.

June—3. Charlemagne to Bernard of Clairvaux.

July—4. Bernard of Clairvaux to Luther.

August—Outing. Current Denominational Events.

September—5. Luther to Halle Missionaries.

October—Roll-call and Membership Meeting.

November—“Missionary Helper.”

December—6. The Halle Missionaries to Carey and Judson.



OCTOBER.—ROLL-CALL AND MEMBERSHIP MEETING.

PLEASE read article on this subject in the **HELPER** for September, 1901, page 259.

Suggestive Program.

“ Is there any one in this meeting who cannot answer ‘ Here ! ’ to the Master’s roll call of his workers ? ”

Singing. Prayer.

Greeting, by leader.

Roll call—Response by each member with a missionary thought, event, or suggestion.

Responsive Bible reading—“The Ideal Missionary.”

1. He was a volunteer. John 10: 11-17, 18.
2. He sought the sinner. Matt. 15: 24; 9: 13; 1 Tim. 1: 15.
3. He was a man of prayer. Luke 6: 12; John 17: 1.
4. He was taught of the Word. John 8: 28.
5. He was obedient unto the command. Rom. 5: 19.
6. He went into the depths. Luke 15: 2; 19: 7; Matt. 9: 10.
7. His presence was sunshine. John 15: 11; 1: 9.
8. He preached the Word. Mark 1: 14; Matt. 11: 5.
9. He attracted needy souls. Luke 15: 1; 7: 37, 38.
10. He believed in faithful stewardship. Luke 16: 11.—*Selected.*

Singing—“Pass Along a Word of Cheer” (**Grateful Praise**, No. 164) by Mrs. Mary B. Wingate. The leader, in announcing the foregoing song, might tell something of its author, whose hymns, poems, and stories are so familiar to our readers. Refer to the **HELPER** for July, 1900.

Reading—“The Mission of Failures” (see October **HELPER**).

Special topic—“Balasore, Our First Mission Station in India.” Show where it is located on map of our field. Tell what missionaries live there and what is

the special work of each. Which are supported by General Conference and which by the Woman's Missionary Society.

Brief descriptive talks :—

1. The City of Balasore.
2. Sinclair Orphanage.
3. The Widows' Home.
4. The Kindergarten.

Statement of how the local auxiliary is helping the work at Balasore.

Prayer for all the workers and the work at this station.

Social.

Ample material for the meeting may be found in the present, and coming October, numbers of this magazine ; the numbers of February, 1898, October, 1899, September, 1901, December, 1901, February, 1902 ; the last India Report (Morning Star Publishing House, Boston, price 40 cents), History of the F. B. W. M. S., "Missionary Reminiscences," and the F. B. Cyclopædia.

"REST in the Lord, wait patiently for him." In Hebrew, be silent to God, and let him mold thee. Keep still, and he will mold thee in the right shape.—*Luther.*

A DUTY is no sooner divined than from that very moment it becomes binding upon us. If we love God with all our heart and soul and mind and strength, as we ought, we shall be glad to do his will even as the unsinning angels do in heaven. Otherwise we shall find his service a painful and heavy burden of which we would fain be relieved.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

IT IS what we are, not what we have, what we are, not what we do, that is of real importance and affects our standing before God. Remember it, if you have but few talents and small opportunity, as it seems, for exerting influence, if you are laid by through sickness, or some other cause from many privileges or helps that you value.—*Bp. A. C. A. Hall.*

A QUIET hour spent with God at the beginning of the day is the best beginning for the toils and cares of active business. A brief season of prayer, looking above for wisdom and grace and strength, and seeking for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, helps us to carry our religion into the business of the day. It brings joy and peace within the heart. And as we place all our concerns in the care and keeping of the Lord, faithfully striving to do his will, we have a joyful trust that, however dark or discouraging events appear, our Father's hand is guiding everything, and will give the wisest direction to all our toils.—*Philadelphia Methodist.*

The Missionary Helper Branch of the International Sunshine Society.

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears,
Pass it on.

ALL letters, packages, or inquiries concerning this page, or Sunshine work, should be addressed to Mrs. Rivington D. Lord, 231 Keap Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., president of this branch.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS.

Thinking it will interest our members to know something of the general news, we repeat the following taken from the annual reports. There is a record at headquarters of over 100,000 I. S. S. members, and over 2,000 branches. The gross amount of cash receipts was \$5,796.93. The disbursements for the year amounted to \$5,288.53. The item of \$1,062 for badges purchased gives a good idea of the growth of the society during the past year. There are hundreds of daily papers, weekly and monthly publications chronicling the State news; also something like three hundred papers which report local news.

BRANCH NEWS.

We have passed the third mile-stone in our history, and now have enrolled 306 members, all doing good-cheer work. During the past month the following members have sent in reports:—

Mrs. S. B. Stevens is passing on the MISSIONARY HELPER and *Morning Star*, and sent twenty cents to help on the Branch work.

Miss Lizzie P. Kimball has written Sunshine letters, and given ten cents "for the Sunshine cause."

Mrs. Geo. F. Babcock has been confined to her home for nine weeks, the result of a fall, yet has written a cheerful letter and inclosed ten cents for postage.

Mrs. L. B. Carey is sending the *Morning Star* regularly to a member, also passing on other literature to those who desire good reading.

A Maine member, one of our most generous givers, has remembered us again with one dollar, fifty cents for the Ice Fund, and fifty cents to use where most needed.

Mrs. S. H. Edwards, a busy mother, has expressed her willingness to send out good-cheer letters. This offer is highly appreciated by the president.

Mrs. M. E. Preble has sent two booklets, which she greatly enjoys, and wishes other to have the same pleasure.

Miss Nellie Dennett, a constant Sunshine worker, has given ten cents for I. S. S. needs.

Miss Edith Lord ten cents for silver clasp pin, and reports paying dues by doing kind deeds.

Two little sisters, Edna and Doris Folsom, have saved up their pennies and sent fifty cents for the Babies' Milk and Ice Fund.

Mrs. F. S. Strout, a loving mother, sent one dollar "to give some tired mother at least one day's outing." This money has been used to brighten a widow's life.

Fifty cents have been received for a gold I. S. S. pin from Miss A. R. Uniacke, who, we learn, is living a life of Sunshine to those around her.

Mrs. Alice Pankhurst and her two little daughters, Dorothy and Ruth, are doing good-cheer work, and sent ten cents for two silver pins.

Mrs. Lucy Wilds has recently become a member, and a friend reports her "as doing many acts of Sunshine."

Mrs. Jennie C. Tobey has sent in the following names to be enrolled on our junior list: Addie E. Oliver, Susie I. Oliver, Minnie P. Oliver, Lulu M. Clarke, Bernice M. Scott, Carlton Sedgberg, Norman Oliver. The above have collected a large number of cards for crippled children in New York, and sent money for silver pins.

Practical Christian Living.

Practical Christian living is "to condense and crystallize into the uses of daily life the teachings of Christ."



THE STILL HOUR.

HEAVENLY SUNSHINE.

My dear "Helper" sisters :—

Letters from the East and West and over the sea fill me with desire to see you face to face, but as I cannot, I send you joyful greeting and a little word of cheer out of the fullness of my heart. Some of you have many cares and sorrows ; some of you are sick and suffering and have little or no strength to work for your loved ones ; and often some dear friend writes and says, "Pray for me." My heart is with you in loving sympathy and prayer, but Jesus is the *only One* who can help you. He has sent the Comforter to abide with us forever. Tell him. Take him into your life, who is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption, for soul and body. Only trust him. It is all Jesus. He keeps. He heals. He comforts. He gives victory and songs in the night.

Once I stood on the heights at Harper's Ferry, and a dense fog covered the town.* All at once the sun burst out in brightness, and only the white, fleecy clouds floated below, with not a vestige of the town in sight, but all was splendor above. So we are lifted above the sins and sorrows of this world and walk in the light as He is in the light. "A wonderful Saviour is Jesus our Lord," just the same as when he went over the hills of Palestine, forgiving sins, healing the sick, and blessing all who came to him. *Give all and take all*, is the secret of victory. Jesus has abolished death. "He that liveth and believeth shall never die."

Transformed, transfigured, translated ! Praise the Lord, O my soul ! We are on* the up-grade and sunny side of life, even though three score or more milestones are passed, and the way is growing brighter, and we can almost hear the echo of the songs of those who wait for us on the shining shores of heaven. Gladly we will toil and suffer, and wait till Jesus comes. There'll be no dark valley then. Lord, increase our faith.

"All in all forever, Jesus will I sing,
Everything in Jesus, and Jesus everything."

Fabius, N. Y.

[MRS.] ANNE S. D. BATES.

HOW IT CAME TO PASS.

BY MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

IN the quiet, rural town of Greenfield lived a young girl whom we will call Elva Trim. Just at this time we find her

"Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet."

She was just awaking from the happy irresponsibility of childhood, and beginning to peer forward into the future and to ask herself "why" and "wherefore." She was also beginning to dream dreams of that future, and had longings for some high and holy mission, something that would help make the world purer and better for her living in it. With a wise and loving mother and a Christian home, she could not remember when she began to pray.

One beautiful Sabbath morning in the early springtime, a few weeks before our story opens, she had gone down into the baptismal waters and professed publicly her faith in her Saviour, and her ardent nature was longing for some definite work to do for him. About this time a returned missionary from India had lectured at the church, and told of the ignorance and superstition that prevailed in that land of caste. He gave a vivid description of the home life, with its fearful blight of child marriage and the inhuman treatment of widows, many of whom were only children. He pleaded for some established system of giving to missions, and advised the forming of societies to meet and read about and pray for missions, each member to give a specified sum weekly or quarterly to the work. Elva's heart was stirred to its very depths. Surely this was work worthy of one's very best efforts. But missions were not popular in their church, for most of the members knew little and cared less about them.

The pastor, a faithful, conscientious man, received so meager a support that he was compelled to till a small farm to eke out his salary, and seldom went away from home to attend large conventions because he could not afford the money, and for the same reason was not able to take many papers or buy the new books which would have kept him posted about what was being done to evangelize the world.

At the close of the lecture a collection had been taken, and there the matter seemed likely to end. Elva, who was bubbling over with repressed energy, felt that something must be done, but what could she, what should she do? Her Sabbath-school teacher was a good soul, but entirely lacking in enthusiasm. There seemed no one to lead, for the minister's wife, who is always supposed to look after such matters, was in very poor health and did not even hear the missionary's talk.

Elva could think and scheme ways in which she thought money could be raised, but she dreaded to broach the subject to others. People would say they "had no time and but little money, and repairs on the church ought to be looked after first." Yes, the church did need repairs, and the Sunday-school library did need replenishing, and it was hard to raise the small salary paid the preacher. Was it any use to try? Still the cry in her heart grew louder and the desire to help those degraded ones grew stronger. At length she decided to talk with her mother about it, sure of her loving sympathy. Mrs. Trim listened thoughtfully and resolved not to dampen her daughter's ardent desire to send the light to those who were sitting in darkness, recalling a time when she, too, had dreams of usefulness which might have brought about definite results if they had been fostered instead of repressed.

After talking the matter over, they resolved to try what could be done by securing names for a quilt at ten cents a name, as most of the ladies could help on that, and quilts were popular in Greenfield, and quiltings one of their few recreations. A new and very pretty design was secured from one of Elva's correspondents. Nearly every one was willing to give ten cents for any kind of home work. "Why did she not take up home missions first?" Elva smilingly replied that she would help in that, if this was a success. Gradually the ladies became interested. One lady promised to furnish the pink, another the buff, and a third the white for centers; and another promised the cotton and still another the lining.

Some rebuffs were received which sent her to her own room and to her knees in prayer for grace and courage. One man asked her "what she wanted to send a quilt out ter Injy for? he'd allus heard 'twas a dreadful hot country out there." Another thought "the missionaries could get along without help from home if they were any ways smart." But Elva's always smiling face and modest, respectful ways won the hearts of all, both old and young, and the work went steadily forward. Several pleasant afternoons were spent by the leading spirits, cutting and basting, while the sewing machine merrily stitched the seams. As the names and dimes multiplied, some changes in the original plan were made, and it was found that one hundred and fifty names could be written. For the occasion of the quilting, Elva had planned long and wisely. Finding some recitations for the wee ones and some helpful information in regard to the work, in their denominational paper, and some inspiring missionary songs to be sung, she had an interesting program, to which the town wit and rhymster volunteered to add his mite in form of a poem describing the whole affair, with puns on the names, which were to be preserved for coming generations to gaze upon. The fun of the thing grew, till so many of the gentlemen demanded the right to be

present, it was found best to give a baked bean supper at the hall, which proved a great success and added ten dollars to the fifteen already raised.

Greenfield was surprised at itself. The more selfish ones, who had done least to help, growled at the idea of sending so much money out of town, but the larger and better part of the community said Elva had earned the right to do what she pleased with the money. Later, to her surprise, a wealthy gentleman who was visiting in the town, and had been much amused at the persistency with which she had importuned him for his name and the names of his family, offered to buy the quilt for five dollars. By the advice of the ladies, the offer was accepted, and the money added to the fund and sent to India for the support of a native teacher.

Elva soon found that the interest awakened was dying out, and if she would keep it alive there must be some regular system of giving, and also a constant source of information which would keep them in touch with the work. As she prayed, the way seemed to open for her to subscribe for the missionary magazine of her own church. She also found some congenial spirits who really had a love for the work for its own sake.

Together they planned and prayed while working faithfully for home interests. The pastor, finding his own work was greatly strengthened and quickened by their zeal, caught some of their enthusiasm and prepared and preached a really excellent sermon on the subject, which stirred the hearts of the people. Elva, quick to take advantage of this state of mind, secured what pledges she could at two cents per week. Many who signed her paper would have refused to give a dollar per year, yet could hardly refuse the price of a postage stamp, so often sent to a friend or chance acquaintance without a thought of grudging.

Those who were pledged to give seemed to feel a responsibility in regard to the work. A missionary concert was proposed, and the young people, glad of a chance and of the opportunity to sing, consented to take part in the program. The magazine and church paper were ransacked to find articles and poems to fit the occasion, and the new singing-books which the Sunday school had purchased furnished excellent songs. The concert was a success, and so they decided to have one every three months, taking a collection on each occasion. The receipts for the year amounted to forty dollars. In addition to this the church had been repaired and the minister's salary was more easily raised than usual, and a better attendance on all the means of grace was quite marked. The pastor was much encouraged and was able to overcome the discouragement that had been slowly paralyzing his efforts. He preached with more fervor and earnestness, and God's blessing was seen in the conversion of souls.

Elva began, the next year, an earnest canvass for subscribers to the mission-

ary magazine. Many of the ladies, feeling that they had so little money they could not afford it, were persuaded to try to raise the money by saving a certain per cent of the money received from their chickens, eggs, butter, and berries, or by various forms of self-denial. They soon found it a good investment, and reading of what others were doing, as well as a bright account of what their own church had accomplished, they awoke slowly to a sense of their responsibility in the matter.

Some, to be sure, whose interest was very superficial, grew weary of the work and the self-sacrifice imposed, and withdrew themselves from the workers, but others arose to take their places, and it was often proved true that "faith and works win."

Elva, whose courage had been rising all the year, now felt that the time had come for proposing what had long been the dearest wish of her heart—a missionary society. All the ladies were invited to meet at her home and the matter was quietly discussed and the ladies were in favor of an organization, provided officers could be found. This difficulty she had foreseen and hardly knew how it could be met, but when the lot fell on her mother, who prayerfully took up the burden of the presidency, she consented to become secretary herself, and the other offices were easily filled, and Elva felt that her dream had really come to pass and was an established fact, and joyfully thanked God for this answer to her prayer. Meanwhile she had been growing and developing spiritually into a lovely Christian character.

Two years later a theological student became deeply interested in her, and as their friendship ripened, they found such a union of sentiment in regard to mission work, that they decided to study and prepare themselves for the foreign field and give their lives to its service.

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IF there's a right thing to be done, and we seem to pass through a wrong thing on our way to it, depend upon it there's another way to it, and a better one, and it is our own fault, and not God's, that we do not find it.—*Gannett.*
◆◆◆

We never regret the kind words we have spoken or the retort we have left unsaid; but bitterly we recall sharp words spoken angrily, and unkind actions that may have caused tears to come to eyes that will never shed them any more.

WHAT will you gain, said Socrates, if you do your duty bravely and generously? You will gain the doing of it. The deed itself is the gain. We ought to do what is right, not from hope or fear, but from love of what is good; because "Thy testimonies are the very joy of my heart."

Words from Home Workers.

INDIANA.—*Morgantown*. As the great work of winning souls for Christ advances, I wish to place myself in the ranks of the laboring. I see the dear little children around me—the perfect images of God and God is love; and I recognize that our best efforts, our noblest deeds, should be to protect, cherish, and love the bright talents he has placed in our keeping. Each dear little face is a window through which the lights of Jesus may shine, and we who have come to years of understanding must keep the lights trimmed and burning and the windows cleared. I shall endeavor to start a Cradle Roll here, and shall get subscriptions for the *HELPER*. Let us in the Quiet Hour lift our hearts to him for strength in the ways of righteousness, for all things righteous are of God and God is love. The *HELPER* is just splendid and will be a success.

(MISS) PRINCESS COONFIELD.

NEW YORK—*Ames*. Through the efforts of our pastor's wife our auxiliary held its first thank-offering service June 1. We had a short program consisting of papers, recitation, and a reading from the *MISSIONARY HELPER*, "A Grain of Mustard Seed." The offering was \$9.75, afterward raised to \$10.

GERTIE ALGER, Sec. *W. M. S.*

NEW BRUNSWICK.—*Fredericton Junction*. We have a very good missionary society organized last January, and the interest is increasing. Believing that indifference is the result of ignorance, we are trying to educate. First we took up "India, our corner of it," and learned just as much about the field in general as we could. Then Balasore, its beginnings, workers, mission schools, and high school. One young lady wrote a paper on Sinclair Orphanage and the Widows' Home, another sang "Holy, Holy, Ever Holy," then there was a map-talk on Balasore, and a paper about Dr. Shirley Smith. Our members bring note book and pencil to the meetings. We have also taken up Santipore, using the helps in the *MISSIONARY HELPER* of February, '97. My idea is to take up every principal station, learn just what missionaries are there, and as much of the work and of each missionary as we possibly can. The society takes the *HELPER*, and all like it.

L. H.

[The foregoing plan of work is so nearly ideal for a new auxiliary that we gladly call especial attention to it.—*EDITOR.*]

LIFE is not made up of great sacrifices and duties, but of little things, of which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations given habitually are what win and preserve the heart.—*Sir Humphrey Davy*.



Our Juniors.

THE STORY OF THE SEVEN WEAVERS.*

TOLD BY DR. MARY W. BACHELER.

ONCE there were seven brothers, weavers. By much industry and economy they managed to save up the princely sum of three hundred rupees (about \$105). Then they fell to discussing how the money should be invested, and after much talk and many consultations with the wise ones, they decided to go to the great city and buy for themselves a horse; this seemed to them the most magnificent thing they could possess. So, with provision for the way, and with the money safely tied in a bag around the waist of the oldest brother (under his clothing) they set out on their long and important journey.

Arrived at the great city, they went at once to the establishment of the rajah (man of high rank), as being the most likely place for the consummation of their business. When the hangers-on learned what had brought the weavers to town, they were profuse in their attentions, showing them all through the rajah's stables, and telling them many strange and wonderful tales of city life, and of the habits of horses and other animals that contributed to the magnificence of the rajah's state. The weavers asked the prices of some of the horses, prancing and snorting stallions being their favorites, as the most fitting equivalent of the magnificent sum of three hundred rupees. But they were told that no horse could be bought at that price, and were greatly disappointed. Finally a wag among the rajah's hangers-on said that although they had no *horses* to sell, for that price, it might be that he could find a horse's egg that could be spared. The weavers were, of course, delighted with the proposal and urged him to find an egg for them. So he went into the garden behind the rajah's stable, and finding a large, ripe *kumura* (gourd) cut it off and brought it in and presented it to the weavers, who gladly gave him their three hundred rupees in exchange. As he handed it to the oldest brother he said to him: "Carry it carefully, and specially be careful where you put it down, for wherever you put it on the ground it will immediately hatch, and be no longer an egg but a horse."

The oldest brother took it reverently in his hands, and the company set out for their distant village home. The sun was hot, and as they passed a ditch with water in it, the oldest handed it to the second and said, "Here, brother, you

* The "Story of the Seven Weavers" is as familiar to the children of India as the story of "Little Red Riding Hood" is to the children of America; so our juniors will be very glad to read it, as told by Dr. Mary Bacheler.—EDITOR.

carry the egg a little while, and let me go and wash my hands and feet." So the second brother carried the *kumura*, but soon becoming thirsty he handed it to the third and said, "Brother, carry it a little way while I go and get a drink of water." Now the third brother usually did the buying, and as the party were then passing through a little village, he handed the *kumura* to the fourth brother, saying, "Now, brother, carry the *kumura* carefully while I buy rice and *dal* and spices and wood for our noonday meal." But these necessities with the *handi* (earthen cooking vessel) he bought were more than he could carry, so he called to the fourth brother, "O brother, give the *kumura* to Gopal (the fifth brother), and come and help carry these things." So the fifth brother carried the *kumura*.

Now the fifth brother had not yet cleaned his teeth, and as native usage requires that the teeth should be thoroughly scoured, rinsed, and the face washed before eating, he was on the watch for a suitable stick from which to chew his toothbrush. Just then they passed by a *sal* thicket, and he handed the *kumura* to the sixth brother saying, "Carry the horse's egg carefully, brother, while I get us each a nice tooth stick from this thicket." So the sixth brother carried the *kumura*. As they neared the camping place, the sixth brother said : "I will look for stones for the *chuli* (fireplace). O brother, carry the egg carefully and be sure not to put it down anywhere." Now the seventh brother was a lazy, indifferent lad, and finding himself at the camping place before the others, he forgot the injunctions of the man who sold the horse's egg, and the cautions of his brother, and finding a clump of *kusa* grass, laid the *kumura* carefully down, meaning to keep his hands and eyes on it all the time till his brothers came up. But alas for his good intentions, he fell fast asleep, and when he relaxed his hold of the *kumura* it rolled away out of sight.

The six arrived at the spot at the same moment, a little later, and finding him asleep and no *kumura* in sight, guessed at once what had happened, and fell to berating each other for carelessness. The commotion waked the sleeping lad, who sprang to his feet with an exclamation of dismay which startled a weasel from the clump of *kusa* grass. "Oh, see," cried the weavers, "how quickly our egg has hatched!" and dropping everything they ran to catch their young horse, which easily escaped them by running into his hole in a clump of bushes. The shouting of the weavers woke a sleeping hare, which rushed out to get away from the clamor. "How our horse is grown!" cried the weavers in wonder. The hare took refuge in a thicket, from the other side of which a fox glided out. "There he goes!" shouted the weavers, pursuing. Running through a date jungle, the fox hid and watched the seven weavers run by at the top of their speed. His place was taken by a jackal, who was awakened from an afternoon nap by the pursuers. "How he grows!" exclaimed the weavers, and kept up

the chase. The jackal ran toward a dense, swampy jungle and disappeared, but the weavers, beating the bushes with their sticks, roused a leopard, which fled from so many brave hunters. "How beautiful he is growing!" cried the weavers, "see the spots on his side!" But the leopard ran into the big jungle, and the weavers had not followed far before a tiger came out and chased them, growling. "Alas!" they lamented, "our horse has grown so large and beautiful and so fierce that we cannot catch him; he, instead, tries to catch us." So the tiger chased the seven weavers out of the jungle.

By this time, night was coming on, and they came out of the big jungle into a wide field where a dense, evening fog covered the ground. They thought it was a river and spent the whole night trying to swim or wade across it. They stumbled over clods and stones and were scratched by the brambles, and finally, in the morning, they found themselves climbing up a bank on the other side of the river, as they supposed. Great were their rejoicings that they had escaped safely from many perils, from wild beasts, and from drowning.

"Are we indeed *all* escaped?" asked the oldest brother. "Let us count and make sure," said another. So the oldest counted, and there were *only* six! The second counted, but with the same result! So each, in turn, counted, but there were only six, yet they could not discover who was missing. While they were lamenting and discussing, a merchant happened to come along, and he asked them what was the matter. So they related all their adventures. "And now," they concluded, "one of our brothers is lost in the dreadful river that we were all night crossing." Now merchants are shrewd and weavers are the most simple of men, and the merchant saw at a glance what was wrong. "What will you give me if I will find your brother for you?" he asked. They answered that they were very poor, hard-working men and had spent their savings for the horse's egg. But he refused to do it for nothing, and finally they agreed on two rupees each. "Now stand to one side," said the merchant, "and do just as I tell you." So they all stood on one side. "Now let the oldest brother come up," said the merchant, "and put his two rupees down on the ground at my feet." As the oldest brother obeyed, the merchant gave him a resounding blow with his cane, at the same time exclaiming: "One brother is here, stand on the other side. Now let the second brother come up and put down his two rupees." And the second brother also put down his money and received the cane stroke, as the merchant announced that two brothers were present. And so on until the whole seven had paid the wily merchant fourteen rupees and been counted with his cane. When they found that the merchant had indeed restored their lost brother, they were profuse in their expressions of gratitude, and went on their way rejoicing greatly, and loudly singing the praises of the wonderful man who had wrought such magic.

Contributions.

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts for July, 1902

MAINE.

Atkinson Children's Day Service	\$1.50	Lowell Chelmsford St. ch. C. R.	\$2.00
Atkinson ch. T. O.	4.50	Lowell Paige St. ch. C. R. for baby in India .	1.58
Bath North St. aux. T. O. and on L. M. in Gen. Soc. of Mrs. A. I. Davis	11.60	Melrose Highlands Mrs. Annie R. Emery T. O. \$1 Harper's Ferry \$1	2.00
Bowdoinham aux. T. O.	2.00	Melrose Highlands Mrs. M. A. Knowlton T. O.	1.00
Brunswick 1st F. B. ch. aux. for Miss Coombs	19.00	Wellesley Olive S. Bean for India Mission . .	10.00
Charleston ch. T. O.	5.12		
Charleston primary class for C. R. child in S. O.25		
Clinton T. O. Mrs. Emma Webber	3.00		
Dover and Foxcroft aux.	3.00		
Dover and Foxcroft T. O.	5.66		
E. Bowdoin aux. \$1.24 W. H. \$1.24 Miss Coombs	2.48		
E. Raymond T. O. for gen. work	2.00		
Ellsworth Q. M. aux. for Miss "Carrie"	6.25		
Fort Fairfield aux. T. O.	18.00		
Lewiston Pine St. F. B. ch. S. S. for Miss Barnes	4.00		
Litchfield Plains aux. T. O. and on L. M. fee of Miss Mary Ann Small	5.00		
No. Berwick Cradle Roll	1.50		
No. Chesterville for Pada Monie	12.00		
Pittsfield Mrs. C. F. Lothrop and Mrs. F. J. Taylor in memory of mother Mrs. Isabel K. Vaughn for kindergarten work at Balasore and on L. M. of each	50.00		
Portland Dorcas Smith King's Daughters Circle for W. H.	10.00		
Prospect and Unity Q. M.	5.60		
Sebec and Exeter Conference aux.	7.18		
Sebec Corner Child Service for Miss Barnes	1.50		
So. Dover ch. T. O.	2.50		
Scarboro aux. India work	4.00		
Springfield Q. M. aux. coll.	12.00		
Topsham aux. \$25 for Miss Baker's salary in Ind. Dept. Storer \$5 for Priscilla Purinton	30.00		
W. Bowdoin aux. for Miss Coombs	25.00		
W. Bowdoin children for Miss Barnes	4.00		
W. Gardiner T. O.	4.00		

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Danville aux. T. O.	20.50
Dover Wash. St. ch. C. R. life member Florence Steeves	8.00
Dover Wash. St. aux. Julia Lett	10.00
Dover Wash. St. aux. Miss DeMeritte for Julia Lett	2.50
Gonic F. B. ch. C. R.	2.00
Hampton aux.	7.55
Meredith Village aux.	9.00
Meredith Village aux.	8.50

VERMONT.

Huntington W. M. S. Asso. for Dr. Smith . . .	3.61
Newport Center for Dr. Smith	1.00
Orange Co. Asso. at E. Williamstown for Dr. Smith	15.35
St. Johnsbury aux. for Dr. Smith	2.25
Williamstown T. O. for Dr. Smith	10.25

MASSACHUSETTS.

Cambridge aux. \$6.25 widow \$18.05 T. O. to be applied on L. M. of Mrs. F. O. Robinson Lowell Chelmsford St. ch. T. O.	24.30
	4.50

Lowell Chelmsford St. ch. C. R.	\$2.00
Lowell Paige St. ch. C. R. for baby in India .	1.58
Melrose Highlands Mrs. Annie R. Emery T. O. \$1 Harper's Ferry \$1	2.00
Melrose Highlands Mrs. M. A. Knowlton T. O.	1.00
Wellesley Olive S. Bean for India Mission . .	10.00

RHODE ISLAND.

Carolina Little Light Bearers	6.00
Carolina Mrs. M. L. Tinkham for W. H.	5.00
Carolina aux. for Miss Phillips	5.00
Greenville aux. for Ind. Dept.	5.00
Greenville aux. for Miss Phillips	5.00
Olneyville aux. for Miss Phillips	9.00
Olneyville S. S. Primary Dept. birthday money Miss Barnes	4.00
Pawtucket aux. Miss Phillips	5.00
Pawtucket aux. Ind. Dept.	5.00
Pawtucket aux. Ind. Dept. T. O.	15.00
Pawtucket aux. Miss Phillips T. O.	15.00
Providence Park St. aux. T. O. Miss Phillips	5.00
Providence Park St. aux. T. O. Ind. Dept.	5.00
Providence Elmwood Ave. F. B. Y. P. S. C. E. for child in S. O.	6.25

OHIO.

W. Mansfield aux. T. O.	9.45
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INDIANA.

Badger F. B. Primary and Ind. classes for Miss Barnes	1.15
Badger aux. for support of zenana teacher . .	25.00

ILLINOIS.

Tamaroa W. M. S. for F. M.	4.00
Tamaroa Jennie Rice for Storer College . . .	1.00

MICHIGAN.

Gobleville aux. for child in S. O.	5.00
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WISCONSIN.

Eldorado Mrs. Myrt Burgess for S. O.	5.00
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MINNESOTA.

Granada Ira Clynick for India orphan	25.00
Huntley W. M. S.	14.50
Huntley W. M. S.	4.50
Monticello last offering to missions of her mother Miss Susie Wells	1.00

IOWA.

Black Hawk and Buchanan Q. M. for Miss Moody	1.78
Estherville aux. for Miss Scott	10.00
Spencer aux. for Miss Scott	9.65

OREGON.

Portland Mrs. L. J. Rideout for W. H.	2.00
Total	\$62.81

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treas.*

Ocean Park, Me.

per EDYTH R. PORTER, *Asst. Treas.*